

BLIND PROOFREADER'S A. B.

OLUMBIA TO GRADUATE ITS SECOND SIGHTLESS MAN.

Herrstein Has Read the Proof of the Magazine for the Blind and Begun the Law Course—But the Handicap, to Tell the Truth, Is a Heavy One.

When the list of A. B. degrees is given out at Columbia University the day after to-morrow one of the recipients will not see it, the blind student, Benjamin Herrstein. The graduating class this year numbers about 125 members, among them being Mr. Herrstein, 23 years old, who has been blind from infancy. Furthermore, he has worked his way through college. He is the second blind man to take his degree at Columbia, his predecessor having been a classmate of the Hon. Seth Low, Dr. Carl Seltz Low was valedictorian of his class. Dr. Carl was the salutatorian. Dr. Carl's blind successor has also finished his first year in the law course at Columbia and intends completing the law course and to make the law his profession. In working his way through college he has for a long time read with his fingers the proofs of all the plates of the Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind, which is printed in two types, the American Braille and the New York point, both of which he reads, and the magazine's manager, Walter G. Holmes, says of his work: "I do not believe there is any more correctly printed magazine in the country than ours, thanks to his care."

The youthful Mr. Herrstein, a stout and full voiced young man, seemed quite happy and reasonably well satisfied yesterday afternoon at the home of his father, W. Herrstein, 54 West 118th street, as he told something of his outlook upon life and the conditions surrounding and governing a blind man. He is convinced of one thing very clearly, and that is that the public and the authorities make a very real mistake in accepting the word of seeing people as to what is best for the blind. Very tersely put, Mr. Herrstein's view is this: If you want to know what methods will give the best results to them, take the testimony of intelligent blind persons—not the ideas of charitable and well meaning seeing people.

"There is a serious injustice being done to the blind by these charitable persons of good and kind intentions," the young man said, "for through them there has gone out by means of the press the idea that the blind nowadays can earn their living on terms of equality with the seeing people. It is not so. I am no pessimist, I am glad to say, but neither do I believe in unthinking optimism. It seems to me that the unthinking optimism is even a greater menace than the pessimism, a greater worker of harm. The other day a man, a stranger, was going to help me out of the subway—I too was New York's crowded transportation and he had taken this new erroneous view from public prints."

"He was exuberant in his speech, I used to help blind people a great deal," he said to me, "but now I hardly help them because they do not need it. I am not glorious to live in such a way. Now they can earn their own living as well as other persons, so many vocations are open to them."

"I told him that he was wrong, that he was a victim of unintentionally misleading publications, of stories and statements given out by well meaning charitable persons who thought themselves better able to tell what was good for the blind than intelligent blind persons themselves, which is not the fact. For example, I am willing to say right here that there has recently been published an annual report of a society interested in the blind wherein a girl is pictured as operating a telephone. Now, the implication is that she is doing that as a means of livelihood, whereas the fact is, I say, that she is merely employed to do that for exhibition purposes and is not so engaged as a livelihood. I told my stranger friend that the blind needed help as much now as ever, not charity, but help in the way of education and employment."

"Another erroneous idea has been allowed to go forth, that blind people can accomplish as much in a day as others. I do not refer so much to the loss of time in getting about; that is an incident, though it counts but to the fact that the greater expenditure of nervous force required in the ordinary pursuits of life—getting about being one of them—causes such a demand on them that they simply cannot do all that the seeing can in a given time."

"In the matter of getting about it is not necessary to have a guide, but it is expedient. If a man cannot afford it it is better of course for him to go alone, even with all the nervous expenditure. But on the other hand if he can afford a guide he is simply a fool not to take one. This is a crowded city, as you have heard and people do not take care to look out to see whether the man coming or going on the street is blind. A woman pushing a baby carriage, for example, spends her time looking into the store windows and not in trying to see whether the man coming or going is blind or not. How do I know? There are some things you know x x x."

"You do not have to be told. If the woman was looking ahead she would not run into the blind man. There is nothing for her to look at in the middle of the street, so it is not looking at her baby or to see who is coming she must be looking at the windows which contain things which the women are interested in."

"As to going to college, you know very well that any man who has to work his way through has a hard enough time as compared with those around him who have more money than they know what to do with. In the case of a blind man it is so much the harder, you can readily see how the difficulties would be increased. Think for example of the matter of social affairs. Then, too, there is the handicap to the minds of the students and of the instructors, at least until they realize that they have been needlessly alarmed. I don't want any favors, for if you have them you lose your self-respect, and when you have lost that you have lost everything. If favors are shown you and every one else, there may be students, perhaps even some who did not get de-

grees, who would say, 'Well, maybe if these things hadn't been done for him he would not have got the degree.' The professors, too, are in an awkward position, for they do not want to be hard on a blind man and yet they should not be asked to grant favors. Once you can show them that you do not expect any that you will do as well as the seeing without any, they are quite all right. As a matter of fact the blind man, however, has to do a little better than the ordinary so as not to have attention drawn to himself. The faculty at Columbia have been very kind. I am glad and probably they are that I have not asked that favors be shown on the way through college, yet of course in the nature of the case there has of necessity been forbearance. And I am happy to say that whenever the faculty has been approached with good grounds for suggestions I had to make to them they have readily accepted the suggestions made."

"I took the arts course and shall receive my degree on Wednesday. I have gone to college by the subway and I have had a reader of course. A reader is a necessity. My memory is pretty good and I can usually rely on it to retain the gist of a book, and yet a reader is a necessity. Right there is an instance of the blind man's handicap as to being able to accomplish all in a given time that another person could do. You know well that if you had an assignment of 150 pages to read you could do it more quickly, seeing for yourself than by having it read to you."

"I have made my way partly by reading proof, and also I have done a little writing. I expect to do more. I operate a typewriter and can take down matter both in the Braille and the New York point, but in writing for publication I usually dictate. They say you know that to write best is to write as you talk and if I talk to a stenographer why there is the answer."

"I want to repeat that when a question concerning the blind comes up the opinion of the intelligent blind should be taken and that when a paper is offered for publication concerning the blind inquiry should be made of the blind themselves as to the truth of its statements."

TO HOLD DOWN NIAGARA.

200 Marines From Canal Zone Going to Bluefields—Prairie Off to Colon.

PHILADELPHIA, May 29.—Loaded with ammunition, tents and supplies sufficient to supply a force of marines large enough to chastise both of the warring factions in Nicaragua, the cruiser *Prairie* sailed this morning from the League Island Navy Yard for Colon. She has a crew of 350 bluejackets.

The sailing of the *Prairie* was sudden. Orders came to get ready to go less than twenty-four hours before sailing time—5 o'clock this morning—and not only was the yard forced to load the ship with supplies and ammunition but energetic work was needed to reach some of the officers of the *Prairie* who were on shore leave.

Everybody reported before sailing time. WASHINGTON, May 29.—A force of about 200 marines from the Panama Canal Zone will be taken to Bluefields at once on board the gunboat *Dubuque*, which is now at Colon. They will join the hundred bluejackets who have already been landed in the town of Bluefields from the gunboat *Paduch* to protect American and foreign property. Their principal duty will be to prevent fighting in the city.

Secretary of State Knox is anxious to prevent an outbreak of anarchy in Bluefields after the battle between the Estrada and Madriz forces.

Several days ago Commander W. W. Gilmer, commanding the gunboat *Paduch* and the senior naval officer in Central American waters, served notice on the opposing factions that no fighting would be allowed within the limits of Bluefields.

The departure of the transport *Prairie* from the Philadelphia navy yard for Colon is only an incidental move. It will take her about five days to make the voyage. The marine detachment on board the *Dubuque* will reach Bluefields about the middle of the week. The *Prairie* will be held in readiness at Colon to transport more marines to Bluefields in case of necessity.

WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE CRASH.

Ten People in Two Cars Cut and Jarred—Motorman Didn't See.

Ten persons were cut about the face and hands by glass and several were badly shaken up in a rear end collision between two trolley cars on the Williamsburg Bridge at 1 o'clock this morning. The accident occurred near the Williamsburg end of the bridge.

A Nostrand avenue car well filled with a late home going Sunday night crowd slipped its trolley while going down the incline toward Williamsburg plaza and came to a stop. Immediately behind was a Grand street car also well filled.

The motorman of the latter Joseph Halibuek, said that he did not see the stalled car in front of him until it was too late to stop his own car. He crashed into the Nostrand avenue car with sufficient force to smash all the windows of his own car and to bend the platforms of both.

Policemen in the bridge station on the plaza heard the screams of the passengers a block or more away. The passengers were helped out of the two cars and ten were taken into the police station and there were attended by surgeons from the Williamsburg Hospital. All were cut about the face and hands and suffering from shock.

The injured were Joseph Schullich, 24 years old, of 21 Ralph avenue; Sadie Schullich, 12 years old, and Hannah Schullich, 12 years old, of the same address; Nathan Spiro, 44 years old, of 170 Vernon avenue, and his wife, Hannah, 40 years old; Sarah Bonaparte, 24 years old, of 434 Graham avenue; Samuel Elderman, 24 years old, of 677 Myrtle avenue; Augustus Palm, 24 years old, of 1317 Halsey street; Joseph Nolan, 18 years old, of 4 Hillside avenue, Astoria, and the motorman, Halibuek.

It took three-quarters of an hour to get the track cleared.

SUBWAY TRAIN NEAR DANGER.

Broken Switchpoint Discovered in Time—Travelers Halted an Hour.

BLEW BROADWAY SAFE BY DAY

SECOND VISIT IN SIX MONTHS TO A TENDERLOIN SHOE STORE.

Apparently I used a Time Fuse and Retired to See if Anybody Would Notice the Explosion—Nobody Did But One Small Boy, but That Was Plenty—No Loot.

Somebody went and blew up the safe in the Regal shoe store at the southwest corner of Thirty-seventh street and Broadway again yesterday afternoon. The last time the safe was smashed was some six months ago and also on a Sunday, but that time they pulled off the trick in the early morning hours, when there weren't many folks around. Yesterday, on the other hand, the saucy burglars set the hour at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and a pleasant, sunshiny afternoon at that. On the earlier occasion the safe experts made a haul of something like \$1,000. Luck was against them yesterday and they didn't get a cent.

A small boy discovered the explosion. He ran up to two Tenderloin policemen, Richard Heep and Frank Lynch, who were standing at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-eighth street, and told them that some guy had shot himself down at the corner of Thirty-seventh street. He showed them where. They found the front and side doors of the store locked, but through the windows they could see clouds of gray smoke. They could see no suicide, but they did see a big bundle basket, three or four feet high, in front of the safe. This did not look quite right, and then, too, there was the smoke. Everything, including windows, was fastened tight and showed no marks of a jimmy.

Heep undertook to watch things while Lynch went to a telephone and told Capt. O'Brien that something had happened. While Lynch was gone Lucius I. Janier, assistant manager of the store, came up to turn on the lights for the window display. He unlocked the side door on Thirty-seventh street for the police.

This door opens into a hallway, from which there is a double door of wood and iron into the shoe. The wooden door had been jammed and the lock of the iron door had been pried off. The store is divided by a partition, the front part being the store proper and the rear part a sort of office. The safe is set in the partition. Last time the burglars turned it around so that the lock was on the side away from Broadway. That former safe was so badly treated, however, that a new one was bought, and the precaution was taken to stick it to the floor in a bed of cement. Hence the bundle hamper for a shield.

The new safe had been pretty well mauled by the explosive. Its face had been all blown to pieces, but its actual works had held and the door was still in place and tightly locked. Strewed about on the floor was a fairly complete yeggman's outfit, with a sledgehammer, an assortment of jimnies, a can of nitroglycerine soap and a roll of time fuse. The idea of the police is that the burglars lighted a time fuse and retired to observe whether or not anybody would notice the noise of the explosion. Nobody did but the boy. Because Saturday was the last business day before Memorial Day there was about \$5,000 in the safe.

Headquarters detectives were put on the case last night. They began their work by seeking to locate all the keys to that outside door.

KILLED IN STEEPCHASE.

Man Falls From Wooden Horse in Circling the Coney Island Park.

A man whom the police haven't been able to identify fell from one of George C. Tillyou's wooden horses in Steeplechase Park last night and was killed. It is the first fatal accident, it was said, that the park has known.

The man bought a ticket for the steeplechase at about 10:30 o'clock last night and mounted a horse. He was alone. The course of the riders leads out of the park and back again. It was while the horse was at the furthest point from the starting place that the man fell. Six or seven other riders saw him fall.

When they swung back to the place where the attendant are they shouted that a man had fallen. Somebody ran out along the platform and found him lying on the boards. He had struck on his head after a fall of about seven feet. Physicians were unable to revive him.

The body was taken to the Coney Island police station. The police found the name of two persons on his body, Samuel Bogan of 2845 Broadway, Manhattan, and Charles Wright of 529 East 112th street, Manhattan. They undertook to establish his identity through these names. He had about \$20 in his pocket and a bankbook. He was about 25 years old.

TURKEY IN A RAGE OVER CRETE.

Grand Vizier Says No Sacrifice Will Be Spurred to Keep a Hold on the Island.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 29.—The indignation over the Cretan situation is rising. The Government is receiving numerous protests from all parts of the empire against the exclusion of Mussulmans from the Cretan Assembly. The protestants demand that Ottoman sovereignty over the island be maintained.

In the course of a debate in the Chamber to-day the Grand Vizier was loudly applauded for saying the Government's policy was to prevent any foreign power from annexing Crete and it would spare no sacrifice to attain this end.

Turkey, he said, was negotiating with the protecting Powers, not with Greece. If Greece intervened Turkey must resort to arms.

The Turks at Trebizond and Samson are boycotting Greek shipping. A mob at Jaffa smashed three Greek shops and beat several Greeks to-day.

POPE SEES THE COMET.

Says the Spectacle Is Not Commensurate With the Furore Over It.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. ROME, May 29.—The Pope visited the Vatican observatory last night under the guidance of Father Hago, the American director of the observatory, and saw Halley's comet. He said the spectacle was in no way commensurate with the furore that had been made about it.

HEARST CATCHES A ROBBER.

Robber Had His Pocketbook With \$5,000 but Dropped It—Miles Street Incident.

SPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH TO THE SUN. LONDON, May 29.—A despatch to the *Chronicle* from Milan says that William R. Hearst was robbed of a pocketbook containing nearly \$5,000 in Cathedral Square Sunday evening.

He had noticed an elegantly dressed person suspiciously dogging him and later this individual managed to get his pocketbook. Hearst immediately chased the thief, who dropped his booty.

The lady who was walking with Hearst picked it up. The thief took refuge in a shop, where he was captured and handcuffed by the police.

KILLS WIFE AND A PRIEST.

St. Paul Commission Broker Suspected Pair of Intimacy.

ST. PAUL, May 29.—Believing that his wife had been guilty of criminal acts with Father E. J. Walsh, a Catholic priest, Patrick Gibbons, a well known commission broker of South St. Paul, shot and killed them both here to-night.

Gibbons drove first to his home, where he fired a bullet into his wife, killing her instantly. Then placing his little son in the buggy by his side he drove to the parish home of Father Walsh and called him to the door.

As the priest appeared he drew his revolver and shot him down on the front doorstep.

SHIPLOAD OF SWEETHEARTS.

Nearly 100 Betrothed Scotch Lassies Arrive From Glasgow.

Nearly 100 young Scotch women, betrothed to young men who have been from six months to several years in America, arrived yesterday in the first and second cabin and the steerage of the Anchor Line *Caledonia* from Glasgow. Some of the first cabin voyagers were met at the pier by men who took them away to marry them. The steerage passengers were taken to Ellis Island and may be released and married to-day.

KAISER'S ARM IN A SLING.

But Official Denials Are Made That There's Any Danger in His Condition.

SPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH TO THE SUN. BERLIN, May 29.—It is officially announced this evening that the Kaiser's arm is going on normally. The lancing yesterday was to reduce the inflammation and avert the risk of blood poisoning.

There seems to be no ground for the hints that the Kaiser is worse than has been admitted. He carries his arm in a sling. His doctors insist that he completely rest it, but he is around as usual.

He delegated the reception of the Chinese military mission to-day to the Crown Prince because he was not allowed to don a uniform or to do anything involving movement of his arm. For the same reason the military parade that was to have been held at Döberitz to-morrow has been postponed.

NEW MEMBER OF GOLF CABINET.

Secretary Dickinson Joins the Cabinet That Motors Out to Chevy Chase.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—President Taft has selected a new member of his cabinet, not the one which sits in solemn deliberation twice a week, but the coterie of choice spirits who motor out to Chevy Chase as often as possible to wrestle with Colonel Bogey. Secretary of War Dickinson is the latest member of the golf cabinet. The Secretary was admitted only last week, but already he is acquiring a bit of tan and he is learning to converse nonchalantly about bunkers and stimpies and foursmoes and other things.

So far Secretary Dickinson hasn't beaten the President or Colonel Bogey, but he is a big man who can wield a golf club with lots of muscle, and when he once acquires the skill he is likely to make the other members of the cabinet huddle. Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Gen. Clarence R. Edwards and Capt. A. W. Butt, the real golf officers, are preparing to fight for their laurels.

FRANCIS JOSEPH IN BOSNIA.

Emperor of Austria Makes State Visit to the Annexed Province.

SPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH TO THE SUN. BUDAPEST, May 29.—The Emperor Francis Joseph started this evening on a State visit to Bosnia, the province which was annexed by Austria in the fall of 1908. Notwithstanding the elaborate provisions made to make the tour easy, the programme is such as to considerably tax the energies of a man in his eightieth year, especially if there is any truth in current rumors that the aged sovereign is ailing.

The Emperor, however, is confident of his ability to meet all demands on his strength. He will return to Vienna June 4.

ELEPHANT STEALS HER RING.

Despoils the Finger of a Woman Who Thought She Was Feeding It Peanuts.

Miss Elizabeth Morrell, who lives up State, was surreptitiously feeding Alice, the Bronx zoo elephant, yesterday afternoon when Alice's eager trunk detached the diamond ring from her finger.

A search did not discover the ring and it is presumed that Alice swallowed it under the impression it was a particularly hard shelled peanut. Alice is esteemed to be worth more than the ring, so there will be no interesting surgical operation.

PLAYS CARDS 35 HOURS.

Milwaukee Fireman Sits at Skat Till Alarm Breaks Up the Game.

MILWAUKEE, May 29.—Martin Andreas of the Milwaukee fire department to-day broke the record for long card playing. Skat was the game and when a fire alarm broke up the session, Andreas had played 35 hours and 35 minutes. Eighteen men worked in relays against Andreas. His previous record was 18 hours, when he stopped because there was no one left to play with him.

The game started at 9 o'clock yesterday morning and it was not until this afternoon that the game called out the department.

Saves Girls by Throwing a Runaway Horse

Three Men of Italy went driving in a rig in The Bronx yesterday afternoon.

At 152d street and Third avenue the horse became frightened over a broken axle. He bolted, spilling the Signori harmlessly here and there. Every one prudently avoided the intent horse until he reached 122d street. There he bore down on four girls who were too frightened to jump for safety. William Mulligan of 327 West Forty-second street with ready nerve caught the flying horse and threw the horse on his side.

CURTISS FLIES FROM ALBANY.

With Only One Stop He Makes the 137 Miles in 152 Minutes.

WAS ONLY ONCE IN DANGER

Halts at Poughkeepsie, Lands at Spuyten Duyvil and Goes On to Governors Island.

The bells of Trinity were giving noon to Manhattan when Curtiss, having already made sure of his \$10,000 by landing at Spuyten Duyvil, swooped down the North River air road, sailed past the Battery and descended with a beautiful dip on Governors Island. Every whistle with steam in its throat shrieked and barked and rumbled. The fussy little tugboats snorted and wheeled and dashed around as their captains followed the aviator's graceful course. Down at the Battery, where folks, as elsewhere in the city, had been fooled by the flash that Curtiss had finished his flight at Spuyten Duyvil and wouldn't exhibit himself at the foot of the island, there was a great scurrying when the high flying spot resolved itself into the clean lines of a flying machine and Curtiss was made out at the wheel. Further up the island the

Trips Far Faster Than the Central's Best Expresses—Better Than a Mile a Minute at Times—An Hour's Rest Near Poughkeepsie—The One Moment of Trouble When the Aeroplane Dipped Near Storm King—First Landing Here Made So That He Might Be Sure of the Prize—Greeting From the Army.

Glenn H. Curtiss speeded down the air lanes from Albany to Manhattan Island yesterday, doing 137 miles in 152 minutes, better time than any limited on the New York Central ever made, and limited don't loaf. He not only won the \$10,000 prize offered by the New York World but he made an international record for sustained speed. There were times when his little biplane, which is only half as big as Paulhan's famous flyer, split the air at more than a sixty mile an hour clip and his average speed was 54.8 miles an hour. The winds were good to Curtiss and a finer day couldn't have been picked. But once the mischievous air currents of the Highlands nearly got him. The air, warmed by an eager sun, ran twistways up the mountain sides. Swinging around Storm King his aeroplane dropped some forty feet like a plummet. For seconds there was nothing under it and Curtiss had three seconds to review his past. But the capable bird alit off into kinder airs and went on to the finish steadily about her business.

BEST AMERICAN FLIGHT.

There was never in this country anything like Glenn Curtiss's achievement. Like Paulhan, the Frenchman, he proved that it was possible for an aviator to say: "I am going to start here and I am going to finish there"; to fly from one town to another, as a man may proceed in an automobile, and with little more danger, to hear Curtiss tell it. But the Frenchman, although he astonished the world by flying from London to Manchester, 198 miles, took more than twelve hours. He made one stop, as did Curtiss. The latter halted at Camelot, below Poughkeepsie, before hitting Manhattan Island, but he went a lot faster than Paulhan travelled.

FASTER THAN THE FASTEST TRAINS.

If you want a fair comparison to show how much quicker a nifty chap may run by air from Albany to New York than the best trains can do take the running time of the New York Central flyers. The Twentieth Century Limited goes the route in 3 hours and 3 minutes, and the Twentieth Century is the champion goer of them all. The Lake Shore Limited says "good-by" to Albany and "howdy" to New York in 3 hours and 25 minutes, while the Empire State Express needs 4 hours and 5 minutes. The trains cover 132 miles.

Curtiss and his friends figured that the aeroplane from the time she rose over Van Rensselaer Island at Albany until she settled on the Islam estate at Spuyten Duyvil flew 137 miles. But this is necessarily guesswork.

Curtiss followed the Hudson River, but he was able now and then to save time by cutting across country where the river dipped or curved. On the other hand he

had to jockey for helpful airs and dodge the evil currents that tried to twist the wings of his machine. So that it is probable that he flew at least 137 miles, maybe a little more.

There were two things that pleased him—though it may be said right here that he isn't the kind of man who is given to patting himself on the back—he flew from Albany to New York as surely as others poke along in trains, and he put it all over other flying men for speed. There's no doubt about the speed. An official timer for the Aero Club of America held the watch on Curtiss when he cut loose from the earth and a special train kept him in sight and timed him all the way down the Hudson, although that train had to hustle to do it. At the finish they timed him when he lit at Spuyten Duyvil and again when he put his biplane in the aerodrome at Governors Island. The distances will have to be verified of course by the Aero Club; but Augustus H. Post, the club's official representative, yesterday said that 137 miles in 152 minutes will about stand.

LAST LAP AT NOON.

The bells of Trinity were giving noon to Manhattan when Curtiss, having already made sure of his \$10,000 by landing at Spuyten Duyvil, swooped down the North River air road, sailed past the Battery and descended with a beautiful dip on Governors Island. Every whistle with steam in its throat shrieked and barked and rumbled. The fussy little tugboats snorted and wheeled and dashed around as their captains followed the aviator's graceful course. Down at the Battery, where folks, as elsewhere in the city, had been fooled by the flash that Curtiss had finished his flight at Spuyten Duyvil and wouldn't exhibit himself at the foot of the island, there was a great scurrying when the high flying spot resolved itself into the clean lines of a flying machine and Curtiss was made out at the wheel. Further up the island the

WEATHER CONDITIONS FIRST RAY.

But yesterday morning the weather was about all that a flying man could desire. Mr. Curtiss was up and out tinkering with his biplane at 6 A. M. and casting an eye around the horizon. His friends waiting with him on the little island just below Albany were jubilant. The day had dawned with hardly a breath of air. Mr. Curtiss, who had been to bed at the Hotel Ten Eyck, left word to be called at 3:45 A. M., as he wanted to take a peek at the weather. He never believed that he would be successful on the first attempt even if he got away perfectly.

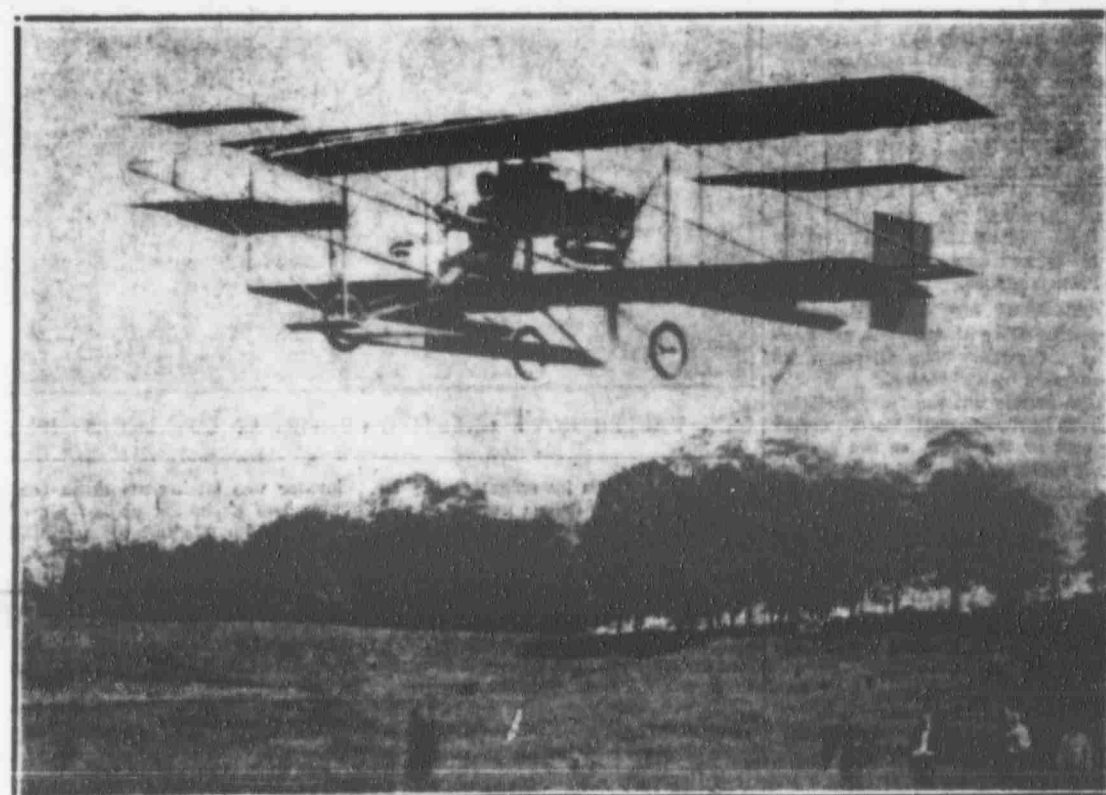
When they reported to him that a starry night was fading into a still and starry day Curtiss was a little suspicious. Before he got into his clothes he sent a man to the roof of the Ten Eyck to look the wind. Back came the messenger with the news that a slight breeze was stirring. Curtiss was discouraged and he went back to bed. But Jacob Ten Eyck called him again and assured him that the prospects were favorable. He asked Mr. Curtiss to meet him at the island at 6 o'clock. Mr. Post joined them in a few minutes. The breeze had died away into a dead calm, but Curtiss was still cautious. He telephoned to Schenectady to find out if any air imparts were heading east, and Schenectady said she hadn't detected enough wind to stir a feather.

THE START.

While they were still debating a little wind from the south arrived at the island and gave them a scare, but it turned out that the breeze was a local cutup and that along down the river the air was behaving itself perfectly. At a little before 1 o'clock the biplane was rolled out of its house and got a final tuning up. Over in the New York Central yards, directly opposite Van Rensselaer Island, there was a tuck of inquiry from the special train that was waiting to race with the aeroplane. On top of the Standard Oil Building a flagman was wigwagging signals between the island and the train.

Mr. Curtiss seated himself in the swing-back chair, a balancing trick that he invented, took a grip on the wheel and nodded his head. The signalman swung his flag and flying machine and train lit off for the south. It was exactly 7:02 A. M. when Mr. Curtiss took the air at Van Rensselaer Island, but the island is outside the limits of Albany, and he had to swing around in a curve over the southern corner of the city so as to make a flying start from Albany proper. At 7:03 the machine made its technical start. Jacob Ten Eyck, official timer for the Aero Club, called the second.

The special train took so much time to get up speed that Curtiss was five miles down the Hudson River and going like a streak before it was well under way. The special had to do some tail running to catch up, and it wasn't until it had covered twenty-one miles that it got almost under the aeroplane. There were



CURTISS STARTING FROM THE GILL FARM BELOW POUGHKEEPSIE.

streets leading toward the waterfront were suddenly crowded. People ran breathless, only to be disappointed for the most part.

EAGER WATCHERS DISAPPOINTED. He was so quick. It seemed to those who watched that he appeared in sight, swooped by and was at rest on Governors Island all in a minute. At the Battery there had been a great crowd early in the morning, and sightseers had collected at likely points all over the city. The roofs of the big hotels were lively with parties who searched the horizon with telescopes and opera glasses. On the Waldorf there were 150 or more. The Plaza had an excited crowd and from the roof of the Ansonia and the big apartment houses along Riverside Drive hundreds waited for the show. But when Curtiss touched Manhattan Island the news went flashing all over town that there would be nothing to see. So people left the